

OWES \$500,000 AND DISAPPEARS.

Julius Freudenthal, Once Said
to Be a Millionaire,
Missing.

Got \$400,000 Out of New Mex-
ican Mines, More Out of
Trading and Lost It All.

Twelve New York Banks Hold His
Paper, and Much of It Is
Not Secured.

NOT SEEN BY FRIENDS SINCE JUNE 12.

His Wife Went to Europe, Believing He
Was in the West Raising Money to
Meet a Flood of Matu-
ring Notes.

Julius Freudenthal, said a few months
ago to be worth \$1,000,000, rated by Bond
streets as entitled to credit to the limit of
\$500,000, is missing and his affairs are in a
sad tangle. The exact state of his fortune
his most confidential friends do not know,
but that he has been very deeply involved
they are certain.

He has not been seen by any of his in-
timate business friends in this city, El
Paso, Tex., where he had large interests,
or in Las Cruces, N. M., where his con-
nections were numerous since June 12. It
was at that date that Mr. Freudenthal, J. B.
Levy, good-by at the office of the Columbia
Typewriter Company, No. 39 West One
hundred and Sixteenth street. He said he
was going to El Paso to raise money with
him to take up notes which were soon
due. On June 24 his wife and three
left for Europe on the Friedland,
and planned months before.

Freudenthal had not up to that time
told of his husband, but was
anxious, and it was not until
later that Mr. Levy became
aware of Mr. Freudenthal's
disappearance. Mr. Levy, who lives in El Paso,
a reply received Friday was to the effect
that Ludwig had not been heard of his
father for over a month, and he did not
believe the elder Freudenthal was in Texas.
Mrs. David Forchheimer, who is a daughter
of Mr. Freudenthal, was communicated
with, but she had not heard anything of
her father's whereabouts. She is spending
the summer in Vermont, and left the city
before her mother's departure for Europe.

HIS DEBTS AGGREGATE \$500,000.

Since Mr. Freudenthal disappeared there
has been an investigation into his affairs,
and while the result is not satisfactory to
the investigators they are of the opinion
that Mr. Freudenthal's debts aggregate
\$500,000. His interests were widespread,
but he was principally interested in the Co-
lumbia Typewriter Company and several
general stores in Texas and New Mexico.
Hard times in the West, the difficulty of
making collections and the failure of several
of his enterprises have led to his disappearance.
He was compelled to get the accommodations
of friends. He also put much paper in
local banks, and as his standing was high
it was taken readily. To take care of this
paper he has been for over a year being
compelled to put out more paper in con-
stantly increasing sums, and not until the
first of June did he realize that his affairs
were in bad shape.

For several weeks before his departure
he was excited and nervous. His bookkeeper
says that when shown a statement of
his accounts he became much irritated. A
few days before going away he discussed
his maturing notes and plans for meeting
them, and said that he hoped to secure
money in the West with which to tide him
over.

His hope could not have been very strong,
however, for he transferred all of his Co-
lumbia Typewriter Company stock to one
creditor to secure notes, and to another
whose indorsements had helped him to
float some paper, he sold for a nominal
consideration his handsome \$75,000 residence
in Englewood, N. J.

TWELVE BANKS HAVE HIS PAPER.
Twelve banks in New York City hold
Freudenthal's paper, some secured by
collateral, others by indorsements, and
others insured. Their representatives
have, during the past week, been making
anxious inquiries as to the disposition of
Mr. Freudenthal's property, and have been
interested in the investigation of his books.
So highly did they formerly regard him
that one bank president said yesterday
that all his paper offered was accepted
without hesitation.

The first attachment was secured Friday
by Dittenhofer, Gerber & James, of No. 96
Broadway, after a note for \$5,000, drawn
by Freudenthal Brothers, of El Paso, Tex.,
and indorsed by Julius Freudenthal, had
gone to protest in the Second National
Bank. Mr. Gerber said last night:

"The Franklin National Bank assigned
the note to Henry G. Wiley, a young attor-
ney in our office, for the purpose of con-
fidence. I learned that a number of other
people held claims against Freudenthal,
and I hastened to secure our attachments
on it. In this I was successful. Our claim
is fully covered by the securities in the
bank."

The securities are railroad stocks and
bonds of a manufacturing concern.

MADE \$400,000 IN MINES.

Mr. Freudenthal is sixty-six years old
and came to this country thirty-five years
ago from Germany. He began business in
New Mexico after the war and was in-
terested in the opening of some copper
mines there. He came to New York ten
years ago to remain permanently, though
for twenty-five years this city had prac-
tically been his home. He had cleaned
up \$400,000 in his copper investments, but
retained his interests in the trading con-
cerns that had been the foundation of his
wealth. The business as Las Cruces and
El Paso has, however, been conducted by
his son, Ludwig B., and nephew, Samuel
J. Freudenthal, under the style of L. B.
Freudenthal & Co. The old gentleman did
the Eastern buying for the two houses and
for another house in Silver City. He also
at one time had an interest in a house at
Bellevue, N. M., and bought for this also.
It was learned yesterday that L. B.
Freudenthal & Co. had sold the El Paso
house to Katz Brothers, in which latter
firm Bernard Katz, of Paterson, N. J., is
interested.

An attorney for a creditor of Julius
Freudenthal said yesterday he believed that
Mr. Freudenthal was in Europe. His book-
keeper, J. B. Levy, said last night:
"He was certainly not on the Friedland
when his wife and children sailed on June

24. Of course, I cannot say that he did not
sail before or later, but I do not think he
has gone to Europe. I can give no intelli-
gent idea of his financial condition until
the examination of his affairs is completed.
He had much paper outstanding, and I
have heard of several notes—five thousand,
ten thousand, and one for more, I think—
that have gone to protest. I have not
heard as yet of any attachments, but sup-
pose they will come."

It has also been said that Ludwig B. Freu-
denthal was on his way to New York to aid
the search for his father and help straighten
affairs, but Mr. Levy, who has been in com-
munication with him, said he had not heard
that was the young man's intention.

What Katz Knows of Freudenthal.
Bernard Katz, of Paterson, N. J., said
last night that he did not know where Julius
Freudenthal now is, but believed that he
will shortly join his family in Europe.
Mr. Katz says he bought the Englewood
property largely because Freudenthal was
heavily in his debt for money advanced. The
house is the finest in Bergen County, and
cost \$75,000, exclusive of site and furnish-
ings. Phillip Katz, brother and partner of
Bernard, and Herbert Katz, son of Bernard,
are in Texas, looking after securities given
by Mr. Freudenthal for indorsements on
paper.

SHOTS IN SIXTH AVENUE.

Fusillade Said to Have Been Started "for
Fun" in Cosgrove's Saloon—One
Bullet Hits a Policeman.

Policeman Henry Gregg, of the West Thir-
tieth Street station, was shot in the left leg
below the knee last evening, while standing
in front of a drug store on the northwest
corner of Thirty-seventh street and Sixth
avenue.

People passing at the time heard a pistol
shot just as Gregg fell to the sidewalk.
Four other shots followed in quick suc-
cession.

A sound apparently came from James
Cosgrove's saloon, which is on the south-
west corner of the avenue, opposite the
drug store.

Detective Conway, of the West Thirtieth
Street station, who happened to be riding
downtown on a Sixth avenue car, saw
Gregg fall and heard the fusillade of shots
that followed. He jumped from the car
and ran to the saloon.

Some twenty men were in the place
when Conway pushed open the swinging
doors, ordered them to remain
where they were. The men were much
frightened, and some of them started for
the side door, but quickly re-entered the
saloon when they found another policeman
with drawn revolver standing there.

The ambulance surgeon, who arrived
at their heads, ordered them to remain
where they were. The men were much
frightened, and some of them started for
the side door, but quickly re-entered the
saloon when they found another policeman
with drawn revolver standing there.

According to one of the men who were
in the saloon, Cosgrove's brother-in-law
fired four bullets through Farrell's hat,
and it was in all probability one of these
bullets that went through the swinging
door and struck Gregg. The witness said
that Farrell entered the saloon looking for
some one to wrestle with, and that Cos-
grove's brother-in-law, who was intro-
duced to him, took the hat from his head
and fired the shots through it and then
threw it on the floor, when the crowd
threw it at Farrell, the witness said.

John Ingram, three years old, of No.
814 West One hundred and Ninety-ninth
street, was struck and slightly injured by
a stray bullet yesterday afternoon, while
standing at a window of his home.

TEN BABY BURGLARS.

Range in Age from 5 to 10 Years, and Are
Accused of Breaking into a Mount
Vernon House.

Ten little children, ranging in age from
five to ten years old, and including both
boys and girls, were arraigned in the
Mount Vernon Police Court yesterday
before Judge Bond, charged with breaking
into the house of Mrs. J. Doelling, on South
Sixth avenue.

The band of juvenile house breakers
forced their way into Mrs. Doelling's home
while she was absent and broke several
locks of the front door and stole a large
number of household articles, according to
the complainant's story.

The children, who seemed
affected by the grave charges, and laughed
and giggled and chewed gum. The case
was adjourned until next Monday, when it
will be tried before Judge Bond.

The alleged burglars are Jane Carroll,
Laura Carroll, Mary Carroll, Albert Per-
kins, William Perkins, Frank Perkins, Wil-
liam McDonald, Thomas Lyden and John
Curran, all of whom live on South Fifth
avenue.

COASTED SHE KILLED BABIES.

Angry Woman Said She Had "Put Away
Twenty Children."

My Jarolono, fifty-nine years old, of No.
147 Elizabeth street; Francis Dominico,
thirty-eight years old, of No. 90 Elizabeth
street, and Francis Dominico, twenty-eight
years old, of No. 90 Elizabeth street, were
arrested yesterday morning at No. 215
West Broadway, where they had been
morning in the Centre Street Police
Court, charged by Agent King, of the
Gorzy Society, with neglecting the one-
month-old baby of Freda Linker.

Detective Gargan, of the Leonard Street
station, traced the infant to the home of
Mrs. Jarolono, who had promised to care
for it for \$2 a month. From there he found
it had been taken to Francis Dominico. The
child was utterly neglected and its eyes,
which were diseased at the time of its
birth, had almost completely lost their
sight. The mother of the child was un-
married, and Mrs. Dominico said the child
boarded with her. All of the pri-
vate nurses pleaded not guilty. The child was
sent to Bellevue Hospital.

On the way to prison the Jarolono woman
grew very excited, and angrily exclaimed:
"I have made away with twenty children,
and I do not care whether I go to prison
for three or four years or not. I have a
mark was attributed to the fact that the
woman seemed to be slightly intoxicated.
Mrs. Jarolono, a widow, aged thirty-
eight, of No. 20 Varick street, who was ar-
rested in connection with the others for
violating section 280 of the Penal Code in
not notifying the Board of Health of the
condition of the child's eyes at the time of
its birth, pleaded ignorance of the law.
She also was held.

Tammany Tim Talks Bolt With D. B. H.

New York City, July 11.—Say! Me and
Hill gets home all right. You ought t'
been wid us to Chicago. Talk of the Wild
Man of Borneo, but I'm here to infuse it
into you that he wasn't a marker to them
guys who gives the show at the conven-
tion. It was like a field day at Bloom-
dale, when every dicky duck in the joint
is out to do his turn. See?

This mug Bryan ain't no bad. There's no
dies on him. You should have heard him
lose wid his lip the time he makes
his speech. An' you should have been
there and got on to the curves of them
farmers who was listenin' to him. You
missed the sight of your life. Them hay-
seeds didn't do a thing but get up an' bust
furniture an' soak each other in the nose,
they was that dead joyous to hear him.
They qualified right there, those jays did.
They was for Bryan that, an' in the
ditch beat he win hands down. I hear
What do I think of him? I passes it by.
This ain't no time for a back-up. Tam-
many Hill can't bolt; we're due to sport
the sucker. See? Bryan goes wid us—he's
got to go.

Anyhow he's one of d' peeps. I may
not be stuck on him, but say! I goes as
close as I does to such stuffs as Ellery An-
derson an' the balance of that Reform
Club push.

Such skates as Ellery makes me tired.
I hopes they comes wid red dyes," says
he. "I was wid him down town." One
would think the sucker has a war record
on him wid blood, instead of which he
skins about in gum shoes dodgin' the draft.
"Shoot 'em down," says Ellery. If he
was to get his lamps on some of them
mugs he's talkin' of "shootin' down" he
wouldn't quit spritin' for a year.

No, you couldn't talk to 'em. I goes
ag'inst a hayseed from Kansas who's chin-
in' silver to beat you of a kind. It's in
the Palmer House.

"What's sartin' you?" I says, just to en-
gage him in conversation. "I says I
ain't a minute before I wishes I'd
stopped at some other place. I never does
get such a run for my money since Ken-
nedy's Chief of Police. It was like talkin'
to one of them 'lectric fans."

As I tips it off, me an' Hill comes home
together. I was for playin' me string out
an' stayin' the conversation through; but I
pipes Hill an' Whitney gettin' on their
skates for a sneak, so I makes it a case of
roller coaster myself an' home we capers
together.

Hill an' Whitney ain't what you calls
dead chummy; they're leary of each other;
an' the heart-to-heart talk trick don't go
wid them. Hill says to me, "Not on your
robs, when Hill an' Whitney is thum'
together they holds their coats close to
their three chests an' never tips their
hands a little bit."

But there comes a time yesterday when
Whitney takes a snooze an' goes poundin'
his ear over in one corner of the caboose
an' Dave an' me gets to hypermatin' to-
gether over in another corner.

"What be we rammin' away for?" I says
to Dave.

You see, I don't half like this flyin' the
coop. An' I nint clean gone on the way
New York's been heeled an' gaffed in this
convention, anyhow. Settin' there in a
dead car, never rovin' no takin' part in
the frecky, fairgame me an' I'm dead
widn't put the gang on that that's how
I chokes up. New York that's a six-spot
in this convention, an' it makes me sore
every time I refreshes me memory about
it. But as I was sayin', I asks Dave why
we gives ourselfs this abrupt chase.

"D' convention ain't half over," I says.
"Why didn't we remain and whoop her
up?"

"Do you stand for this Mark Bryan,
Tim?" asks Hill. Not answerin' me direct
query.

"Make no mistake, Dave," I replies. "I
stand for Bryan, an' I looks for it to run
out no looseone bluff neither. The woods
is full of us. Now, as I often takes me
hunch from you, Sen'ter, I wants to ask
you, on the dead, be youse out for Bryan
or is it a bolt?"

"That's why I skips Chicago," says Hill.
"I ain't made up me mind how I'll line
out. I didn't want me mane chewed on
about it, so I packs me grip an' slides."

"How about Whitney over there?" I asks.

"Willie thinks it's the most rankkaboob
bluff he ever beheld, this namn' Bryan,"
says Hill. "An' he talks like he's got in to
quit. If I was onto his game an' knew
the shoot he'd take, then I'd see me future
clear."

"Why," I remarks, "do you go wid him?"
"Naw," says Hill. "I takes the other end
of it. See?"

"But don't you think," I says, goin' back
to me first trouble, "don't you think we
two bloomin' previous, an' I says, 'I hear
you, but you're not takin' a hand? These
dubs'll get used to givin' the show widout
us, an' we won't be in it. It's ashoo to
aprobats at the next convention New York
gets the laugh. Talk of us bein' leaders!
The first thing about bein' a leader is to
be cookin' your're followed; an' that's
what some kid-glove guys who makes
the New York Convention a party."

"You're dead right, Tim," says Hill, "but
as for David Bennett, he has his private
game."

"Well, it's over now," says I. "An' I
goes into this for Bryan. I've stood for
harder games. I'm goin' to stay in the
game. I'm not turnin' round in a play
but once in me life, an' then I gets it in
the neck."

"I was the game you rings in, Tim?"
says Hill.

"It's dead to one side from police," I
says. "An' it's when I'm a kid down in Vet-
erans, where me old man has a farm. I'm
strong on game chicks them days, see?
And the farm is lonesome wid em. It
comes back to me, an' I says, 'I was a
dancer. I'm her steady, and it's a dead
case of mash goin' an' comin'."

"I'll take you back in the barn, where
it's dark, an' I'll load in the maiden all
right. We gits lined out for the shindig—
the Rose Social Club is givin' it—an' we
drives about half a mile an' I hears a
dancer. He wings is 'round me only-own
an' I'm givin' the steer with one
just ahead, and the collidin' engine was
one was hurt. Both tracks will be closed
for traffic of all kinds for several hours.
A wrecking train has gone to the scene of
the disaster."

As Mansfield would not send for ball, it
was necessary to take him to the East
Sixty-seventh Street station. When told
that he was to be actually locked up he
was helplessly at a loss, but Captain Grant
showed him to his own room for a
time, while a messenger was sent for a
bondsmen.

He will take personal property, and will
let me drive, in charge of an officer, to my
rooms. I can furnish ball," he said nerv-
ously. "I have plenty there. I've got gold
snuff boxes and things."

Patrick Davern, of the firm of Davern
& Kerwick, liquor dealers, soon appeared
and signed his bond.

"It's only \$100 I'll forfeit and pay it,
rather than appear in court," said Mr.
Mansfield. When told it was \$500 he said
no more, except to ask the exact location of
Yorville Court and the hour for court open-
ing. He said all probability, therefore, he will
appear before Magistrate Mofft this morning.

MANSFIELD CYCLES ALMOST TO A CELL.

Policeman Monahan Arrests
the Actor for Violating a
Park Ordinance.

Beau Brummel's Suavity Does
Not Desert Him Under
Trying Circumstances.

He Apologizes in a Courty Way for
Having Told His Captor He
Talked Like an Ass.

IS TAKEN TO A STATION HOUSE.

After Being Detained There for Some
Time He Is Bailed Out to
Appear in Court This
Morning.

Policeman Monahan, who has been on the
Park force for over thirty-five years, and
a prisoner in bicycle costume, before Ser-
geant McGlynn at the Arsenal at 6 o'clock
last night.

"This is an outrage, sir!" exclaimed the
prisoner, eloquently. "It is something that
could never have occurred in England; it
could never have occurred in France; it
could never have occurred."

"What's your name?" interrupted the ser-
geant.

"I am Mr. Richard Mansfield, the actor,"
the prisoner replied, with much dignity.
"And your age and address?"

"I am thirty-five years old, and I live
in the Garlick flats, at No. 104 West
Eighty-third street."

The policeman charged him with violat-
ing the Park ordinance that prohibits bi-
cycle riders from using their wheels on the
concourse in front of the Casino, and with
disorderly conduct.

"When I asked him to stop riding there,"
said Policeman Monahan, "he said he
guessed I didn't know who he was. I told
him in the discharge of my duty I
knew nobody. He told me I talked like
an ass, sir! An ass! I said I was glad I
hadn't been educated at the same college
with himself. He said I was a black-
mailer!"

"Now, now, now. You are not speaking
the truth," interrupted Mr. Mansfield.
"It's all the truth, just as I have told
it. And you said you had often given me
tips."

BEAU BRUMMEL IS PATRONIZING.

"I thought I had," said Mr. Mansfield,
smiling. "I thought I remembered you as
one to whom I had often given tips when I
drove through the Park. I see that I must
have been mistaken. But this officer has
always been polite to me, and touched his
cap," he added, turning to the sergeant.

"What is your own story?" said the
sergeant.

"I was riding around the place, sir. I
rode around twice, looking for a friend. All
at once I heard a man yelling at the top
of his voice. When I realized that he was
yelling at me, sir, it was very unpleasant,
for it attracted general attention to me. I
told him he had forgotten who I was, and
then he answered so rudely that I admit
that, in a moment of hasty anger, I used
the designation of an ass, as descriptive of
what he said."

"I called no louder than was necessary
to make you hear, and you called me a
blackmailer," exclaimed Monahan.

"Now, now, now! My dear sir," said
Mansfield, in his most deprecatory manner,
"I never said you were a blackmailer. I was
in a country of blackmailers, and that such a
thing could not occur anywhere else in
the world was my belief."

"And he threatened to have me put out
of my place," added Monahan, his indigna-
tion mounting higher.

MIN. MANAGERIAL APOLOGIZES.

"I apologize to this officer for anything
I said," said the actor. "I was, but I was
wrong. I didn't believe I was, but I was.
I have just returned from San Francisco.
I am sick and nervous and was annoyed.
I'm willing to pay for whatever fine I
ought."

Sergeant McGlynn told him that was en-
tirely a matter for the Court, this morning,
and Mansfield was released. He was told,
however, that he need not be locked up,
but could wait at the Arsenal for friends
to come and take him home.

"But my friends are scattered," cried
the actor. "I don't know of any in the
city at present. In fact, he added, with
some excitement, 'I haven't any friends,
for I've been very sick.'"

At this juncture a well-dressed young
man hurried in and whispered some evi-
dence to clear the prisoner. He was badly
frightened, however, and when asked just
what he had said, he stammered with great
nervousness that he had forgotten, and ran
hurriedly away.

LOCKED UP, THEN BAILED.

As Mansfield would not send for ball, it
was necessary to take him to the East
Sixty-seventh Street station. When told
that he was to be actually locked up he
was helplessly at a loss, but Captain Grant
showed him to his own room for a
time, while a messenger was sent for a
bondsmen.

He will take personal property, and will
let me drive, in charge of an officer, to my
rooms. I can furnish ball," he said nerv-
ously. "I have plenty there. I've got gold
snuff boxes and things."

Patrick Davern, of the firm of Davern
& Kerwick, liquor dealers, soon appeared
and signed his bond.

"It's only \$100 I'll forfeit and pay it,
rather than appear in court," said Mr.
Mansfield. When told it was \$500 he said
no more, except to ask the exact location of
Yorville Court and the hour for court open-
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DISEASE DESCRIBED BY SYMPTOMS.

Its Cure Proven by Results. The Knowledge Which Enables the Copeland
Physicians to Describe Diseased Conditions Has Contributed as Well to
Their Superb Mastery Over Them—Giving Doctor Copeland's Symptom
Questions and Citing Instances of Notable Cures.

THE PROPER COURSE FOR SUFFERERS.

The proper course for sufferers is
this: Read these symptoms carefully
over, mark those that apply to your
case, and bring this with you to
either of the Copeland offices. If you
live away from the city, send them by
mail and ask for mail treatment. In
either instance, and whether by mail
or office treatment, the patient may be
assured of the speediest relief and
cure possible to enlightened medicine.

THE SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH OF THE HEAD AND THROAT.

The head and throat become dis-
eased from neglected colds causing
Catarrh when the condition of the
blood predisposes to this condition.



Julius Munzenmaier, 92
St. Mark's Place, Brooklyn.
Cured of Catarrh of Head
and Throat.

"Is the voice husky?"
"Do you spit up mucus?"
"Do you ache all over?"
"Do you snore at night?"
"Do you have a sore throat?"
"Is the nose stopped up?"
"Does your nose discharge?"
"Do you have a bad taste?"
"Is there pain in front of the head?"
"Is there pain in the throat?"
"Do you have a bad cough?"
"Do you have a bad cold?"
"Do you have a bad headache?"
"Do you have a bad stomach?"
"Do you have a bad liver?"
"Do